

N. 3.

THE  
SONGS  
TO  
The New Play  
OF  
DON QUIXOTE.

84

75

As they are Sung at  
The Queen's Theatre  
IN  
DORSET GARDEN.

---

*Part the Second.*

---

Sett by the most Eminent Masters of the Age.

---

All Written by Mr. D'urfey.

---

*Decies repetita placebunt.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Heptinstall for Samuel Briscoe, at the corner of  
Charles-street, Covent-Garden. 1694.

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Price One Shilling Six Pence.

THE  
SONGS

TO

The New Play

OF

DON QUIXOTE

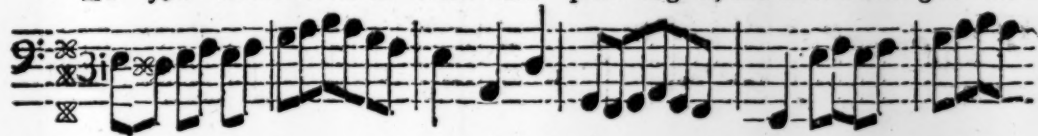
As they are sung at

at the Queen's Theatre

# The first Song to a Minuet at the Duke's Entertainment of *Don Quixote* in the first Act.



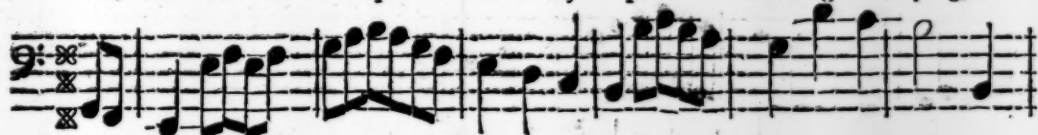
I F you will Love me be free in Ex—pres—sing it, and henceforth give me



no cause to com—plain; or if you hate me be plain in con—fes—sing



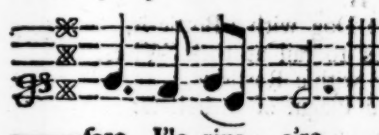
it, and in few words put me out of my pain. This long de—laying, with



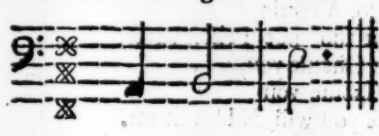
sighing and praying, breedson—ly de—caying in life and A—mour,



Cooing and Wooing, and dai—ly pur—suing, is Damn'd fil—ly doing there—



—fore I'll give o're.



II.

If you'll propose a kind method of Ruling me,  
I may return to my Duty again;  
But If you stick to your old way of Fooling me,  
I must be plain I am none of your Men;  
Passion for passion on each kind occasion,  
With free inclination does kindle Loves Fire,  
But Tedious prating,  
Coy folly debating,  
And new doubts creating still makes it expire.



The Ladys Answer. The 2d. Song to a Minuet at the  
Duke's Entertainmet of *Don Quixote* in the first Act.



Y OU Love, and yet when I ask you to Mar—ry me, still have recourse to



the tricks of your Art ; Then like a Fencer you cunning—ly par—ry



me, yet the same time make a Pass at my Hheart. Fye, fye, de—ceiver, no



longer en-dea-ver, or think this way e-ver the Fort will be won ;



no fond Ca—ressing must be, nor un—lacing or tender em—bra-cing 'tillth'



Parson has done.



II.

Some say that Marriage a Dog with a Bottle is,  
Pleasing their humours to rail at their Wives;  
Others declare it an Ape with a Rattle-is,  
Comforts destroyer and Plague of their lives:  
Some are affirming,  
A Trap 'tis for Vermin,  
And yet with the Bait tho' not Prison agree,  
Ventring that Chouse you,  
Must let me Espouse you  
If e're my dear Mouse you will Nibble at me,



The 3<sup>d</sup>. Song in the 2<sup>d</sup>. Act. Sung by Mrs. Ayliff,  
dressed like a Milk-maid. Set by Mr. John. Eccles.

YE Nymphs and *Sylvian* Gods, that Love green Fields and Woods when Spring newly  
born her self do's a-dorn, with Flowers and Blooming Buds; come  
Sing in the praise, whilst Flocks do graze, in yon-der pleasant Vale, of  
those that choose their sleeps to loose, and in cold Dews with clout-ed Shoes, do  
car-ry the Milking Pail.

## II.

The Goddess of the Morn,  
With blushes they adorn,  
And take the fresh Air;  
Whilst Linnets prepare  
A Confort on each green Thorn,  
The Ouse and Thrush,  
On every Bush;  
And the Charming Nightingale  
In merry Vain,  
Their Throats do strain,  
Go entertain  
The Jolly train  
That carry the Milking Pail.

## III.

When cold bleak Winds do Roar,  
And Flow'rs can spring no more,  
The Fields that were seen,  
So pleasant and green,  
By Winter all Candid ore,  
Oh! how the Town Lads,  
Looks with her white Face,  
And her Lips of deadly Pale:  
But it is not so,  
With those that go,  
Through Frost and Snow,  
With Cheeks that glow,  
And carry the Milking Pail.

## IV.

The Mifs of Courtly mould,  
Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold,  
With wafhes and Paint,  
Her Skin does fo Taint,  
She's wither'd before She's old,  
Whilst She in Commode,  
Put's on a Cart-load;  
And with Cushions plumps her Tayle;  
What Joys are found,  
In Ruffet Gown,  
Young, Plump and Round,  
And sweet and found,  
That carry the Milking Paile.

## V.

The Girles of *Venus* game,  
That venture Health and Fame,  
In practifing Feats,  
With Colds and with Heats,  
Make Lovers grow Blind and Lame,  
If Men were fo Wife,  
To value the price,  
Of the Wares moft fit for fale,  
What ftore of Beaus,  
Wou'd dawb their Cloaths,  
To fave a Nofe,  
By following thofe,  
That carry the Milking Paile.

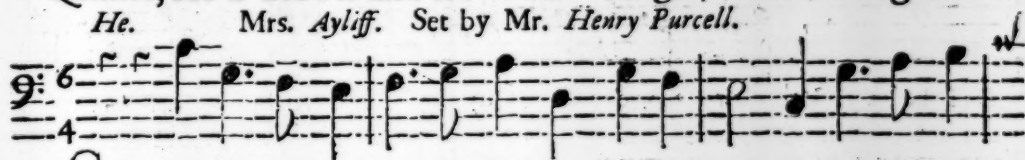
The 4<sup>th</sup>. Song, Sung by Mrs. *Hudson* in the 3<sup>d</sup>. A&C.  
Set by Coll. *Pack*.

DA—mon let a Freind ad—vise ye, fol—low Clo—ris tho' she  
flies ye; tho' her Tongue your Suite is flighting, her kind Eyes  
you'll find in—vite—ing: Wo—mens Rage, like that—low Water,  
does but shew their hurt—less Nature, when the stream seems Rough and  
frowning, there is still least fear of drowning.

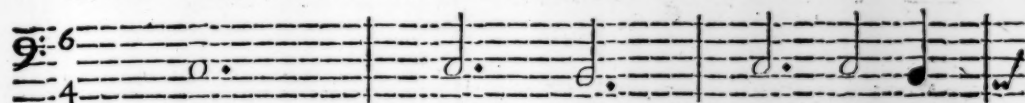
## II.

Let me tell the advent'rous Stranger,  
In our calmness lyes our danger;  
Like a River's silent Running,  
Stillness shews our depth and Cunning:  
She that Railes ye into Trembling,  
Only shews her fine dissembling;  
But the Fawner to abuse ye,  
Thinks ye fools, and Sor will use ye.

A Dialogue in the 4<sup>th</sup>. Act of the 2<sup>d</sup>. Part of *Don Quixote*, for a Clown and his Wife. Sung by Mr. *Reading* and  
*He.* *Mrs. Ayliff.* Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



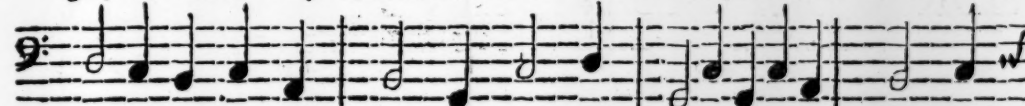
SINCE Times are so bad, I must tell you sweet Heart, I'm thinking to



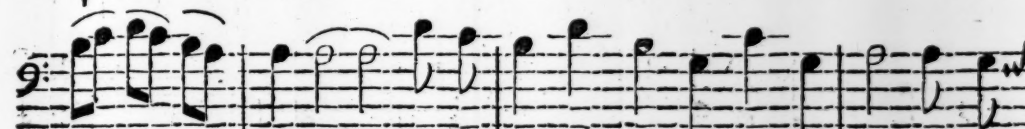
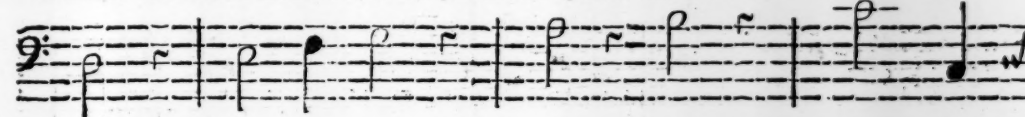
leave off my Plough and my Cart, and to the fair Cit—ty a Journey will



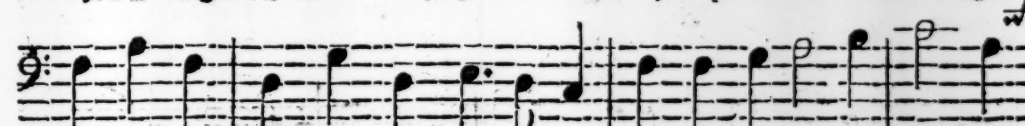
goe, to better my Fortune as other folk doe; Since some have from



Ditches and coarse Leather Breeches, been rais'd, been rais'd to be Ru—lers and



wallow'd in Ri—ches, prithee come, come, come from thy Wheel, prithee



come, come, come, come from thy Wheel, for if Gypsies don't lye I shall; I





shall be a Governour too, ere I dye. Ah! Col-lin

*She.*

ah! Collin, by all, by all thy late doings I find with forrow and

trouble, with for-row and trouble the Pri—de of thy Mind, our

Sheep now at random dif-fer-der-ly run, and now, and now Sundays

Jacker goes e-ve-ryday on; ah! what dost thou, what dost thou,

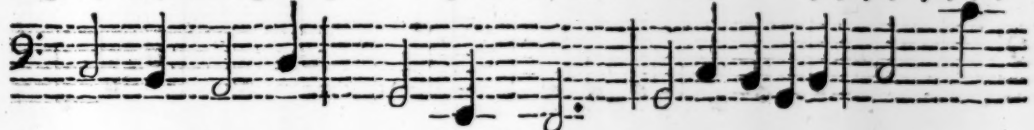
what dost thou mean? ah! what dost thou, what dost thou, what dost thou mean?

*He.*

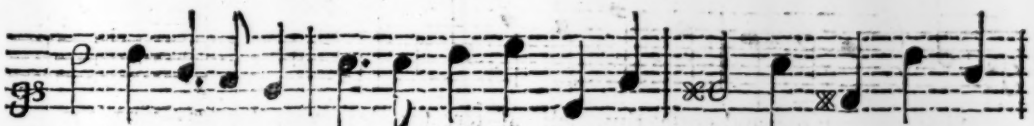
To make my Shoos clean and foot it, and foot it to the Court, the King and the

*Sbe.*

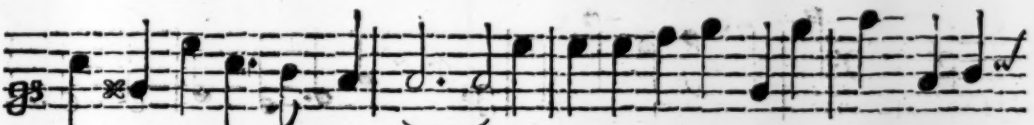
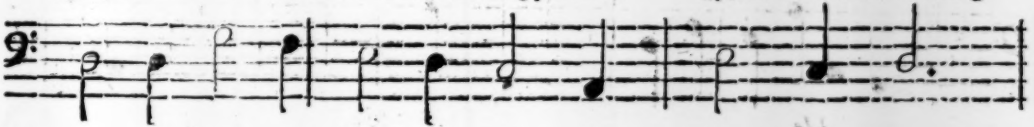
Queen, where shewing my parts I preferment shall win; Fye, fye, fye, fye,



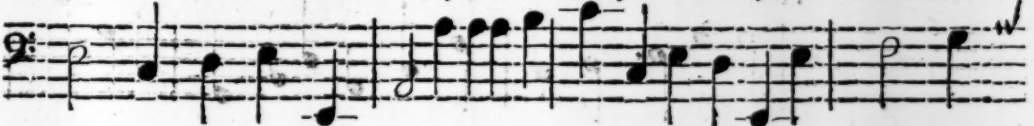
fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, 'tis better, 'tis better for us to Plough and to



Spin; for as to the Court when thou happen'st to try, thou'll find nothing



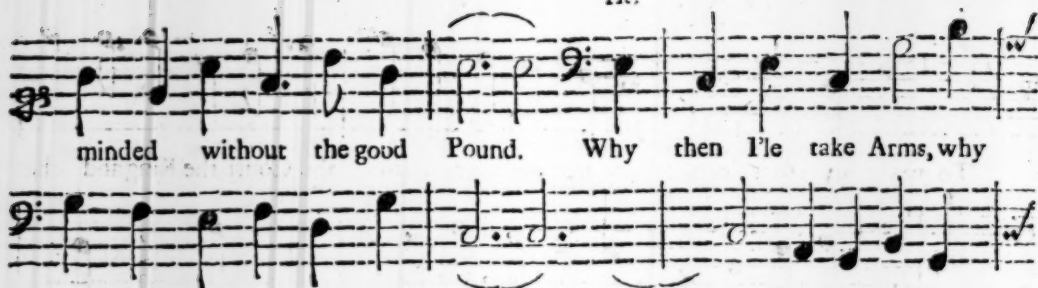
got there unless thou can'st buy; For Money the Devil, the De-vil and



all's to be found, but no good Parts minded, no, no, no, no good Parts

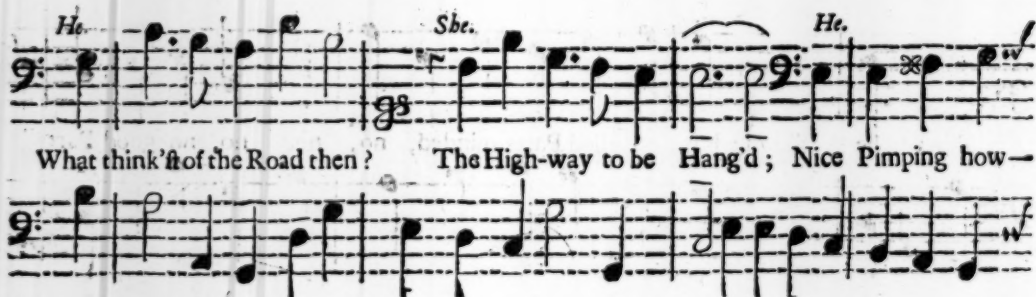
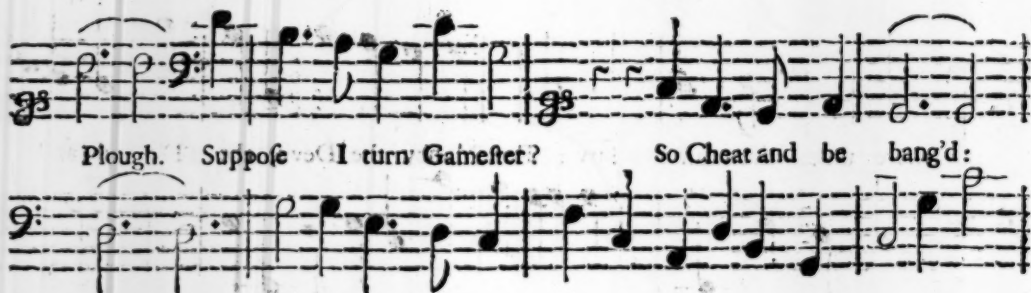


He.



He.

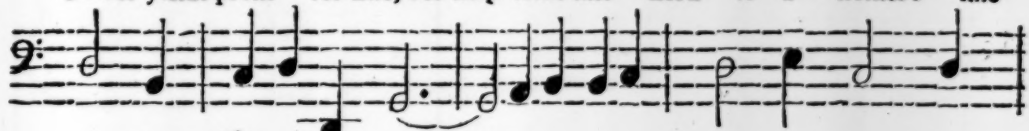
She.



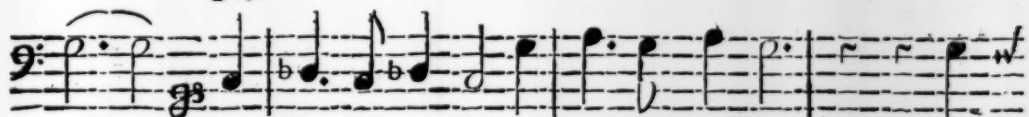




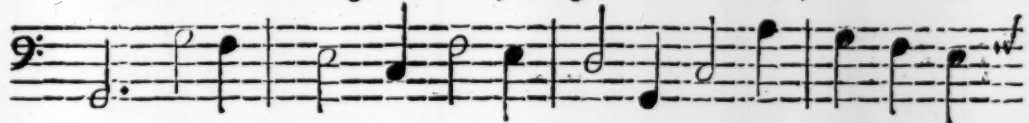
e—ver yields profit for Life, I'll help some fine Lord to a—nother's fine



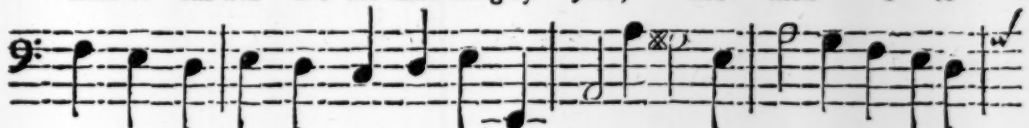
*She.*



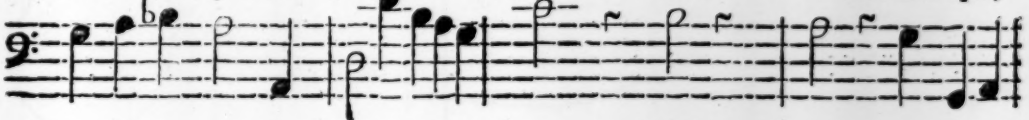
Wife: That's dan—ge—rous too, amongst the Town Crew, for



some of 'em will doe the same thing by you; and then I to



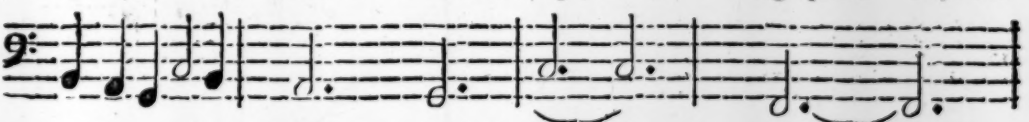
Cuckold yemay be drawn in, faith Col—lin 'tis better I sit here and Spin,



*He.*



faith Collin 'tis bet—ter I sit here and Spin. Will nothing prefer me, what



*She.*

*He.*



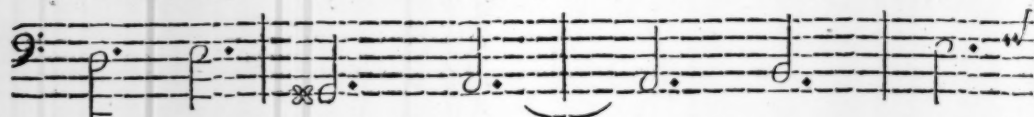
think'ft of the Law? Oh! while you live Collin keep out of that Paw: I'll



*She.*

Cant and I'll Pray.

Ah! there's nought got, ah! there's nought got that way, there's



no one mind snow what those black Cattle say; let all our whole care be our

*He.*

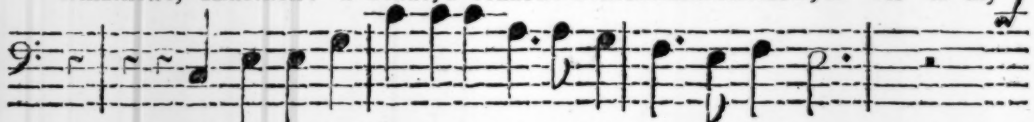
Farming af-fair, To make our Corn grow and our Ap-ple Trees bear.



## 2 Voice.



Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade, a Trade no Contentment can show, so I'll to my



Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can show,



Distaff;

Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade, a Trade no Contentment can



and I to my Plough; Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can

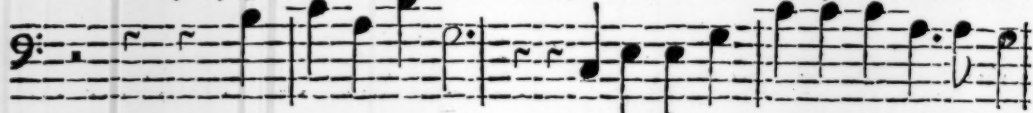




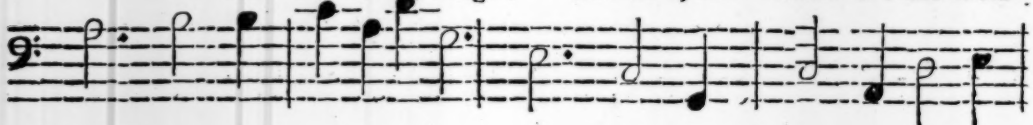




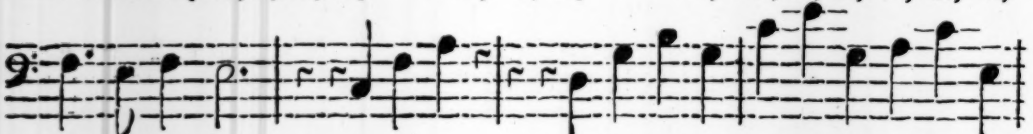
Ile to my Distaff; Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade, a Trade no con-



and Ile to my Plough; Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade no con-



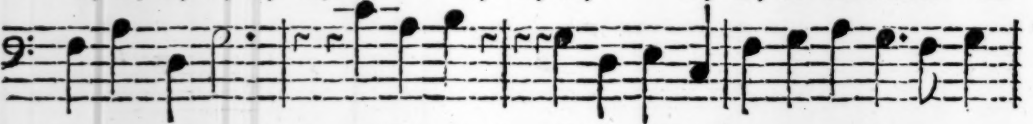
—tentment can show, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



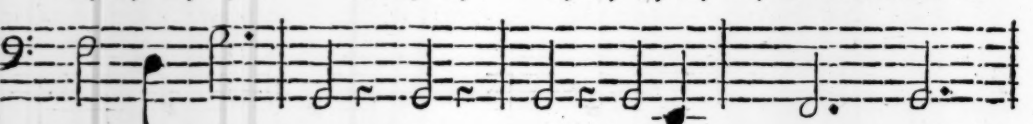
—tentment can show, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



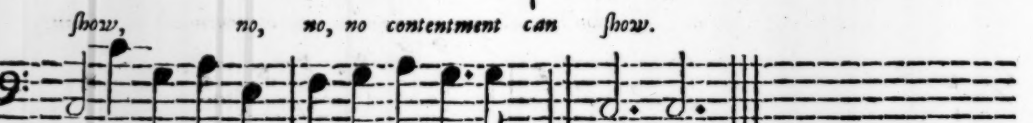
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no contentment can



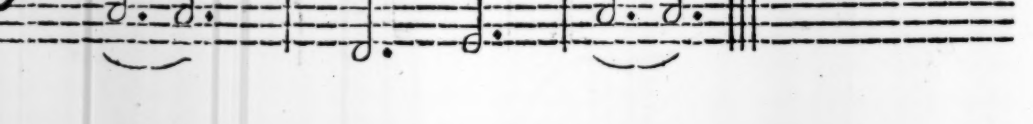
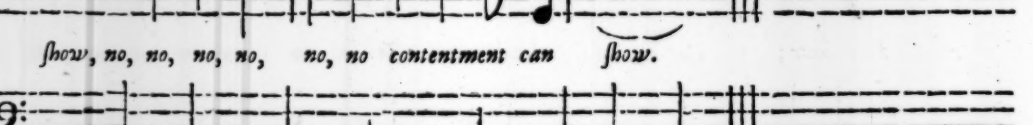
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no contentment can



show, no, no, no contentment can show.



show, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no contentment can show.



The 6th. Song in the last Act of the 2d. Part of Don  
*Quixote*, Sung by Mr. Freeman and Mrs. Cibber. Set by Mr. Purcell.

*Trumpet.*



*Mr. Freeman.*



Bow'r of bliss a — ri — se and spread



— d thy sa — cred Wings; Guard, guard from Foes the



British State, thou on whose smile does wait th' — uncertain



hap — py Fate of Monarchs and Kings





Trumpet.



Mrs. Cibber.

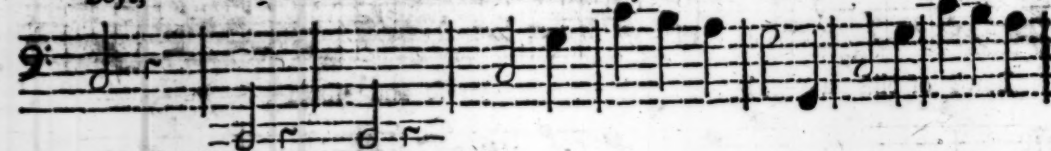


Then follow brave



Boys,

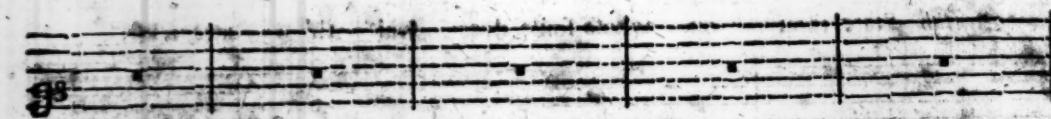
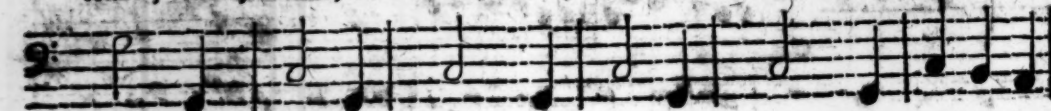
then follow brave Boys to the Wars,



follow, follow, follow,

follow, follow, follow,

follow, follow, follow brave



Boys to the War





follow, follow follow brave Boys to the War

's the Lawrel you know 's the prize,

the Lawrel you know 's the prize: who brings home the

noblest, the no—blest, the no—

blest Scars looks fine

cit in Ce—lia's Eyes;

then the ke off the Sloth—full

ease, let Glory, let

Glory, let Glo-ry in—spi—re your Hearts;

re—member a

Soldier in War and in Peace, re—member a





Soldier in War, in War and in Peace is the no



blest of all other Arts:



Re-mem-ber a Soldier in

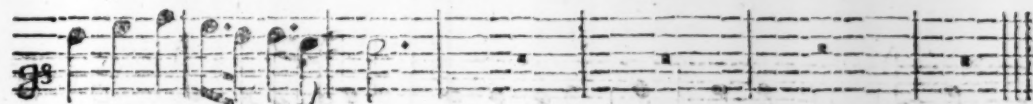
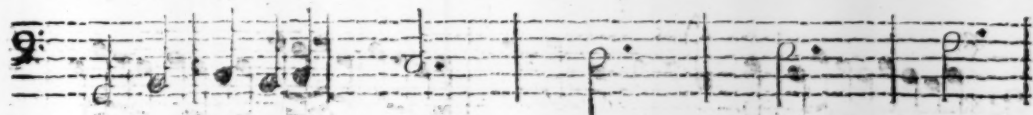


War and in Peace, re-mem-ber a Soldier in War, in War and in

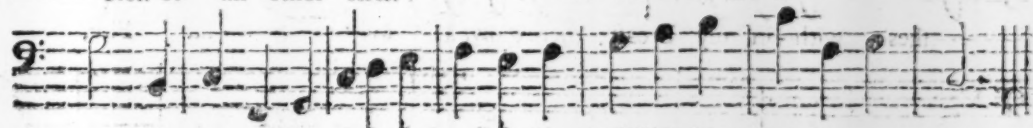
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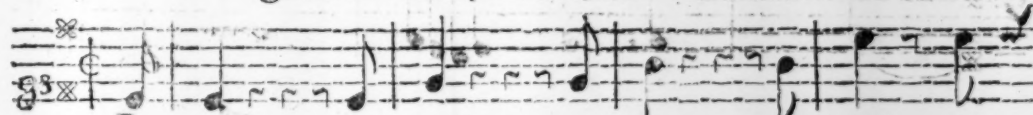
Peace is the no



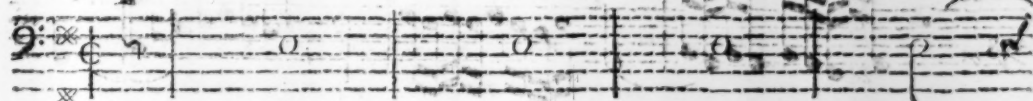
blest of all other Arts.



The 7th. Song in the last Act. Sung by Mrs. Brasegirdle. Set by Mr. John Eccles.



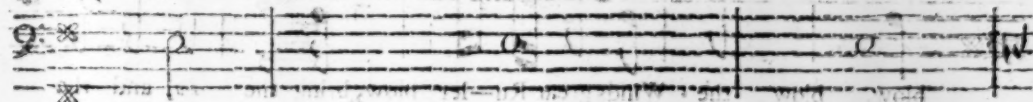
Burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I

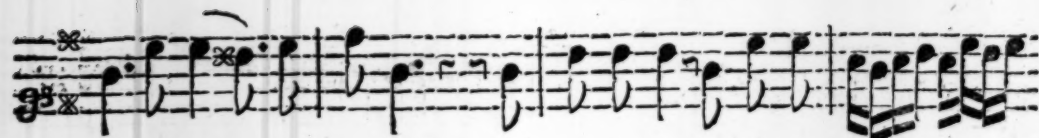


old, old, old, old, old

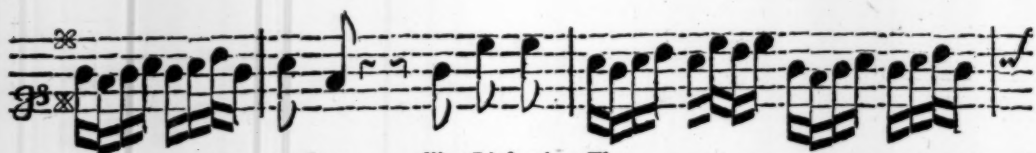


burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn,

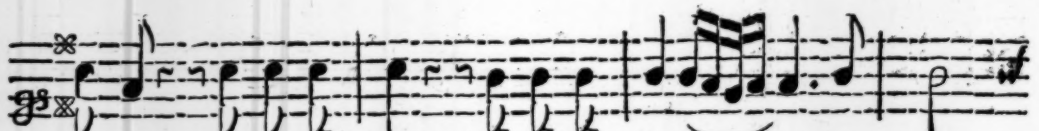
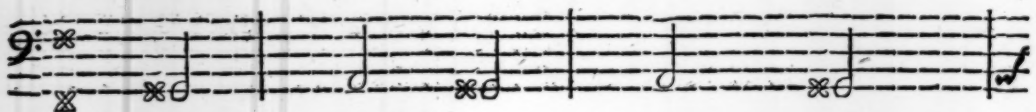




Brain confumes to Ashes, each Eye-ball too, like Lightning Fla



shes, like Lightning Fla



shes with--in my Breast; there glows a fo—lid Fire,



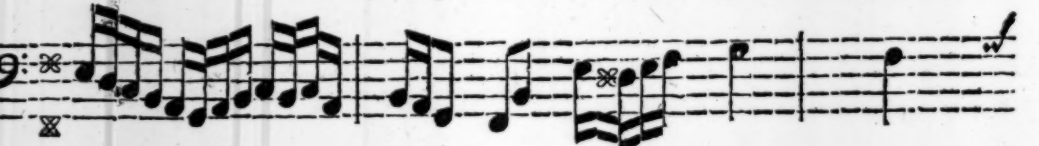
which in a Thousand, Thousand A—ges can't ex—pire :



Blo—w, blo—w, blo—w, blo—w,



blow, blow the Winds great Ru—ler blow, bring the Po and the








Gan-ges hither, 'tis Sul-try, sul-try, sul-try



Weather; pour 'em all on my Soul, it will hiss, it will hiss, it will



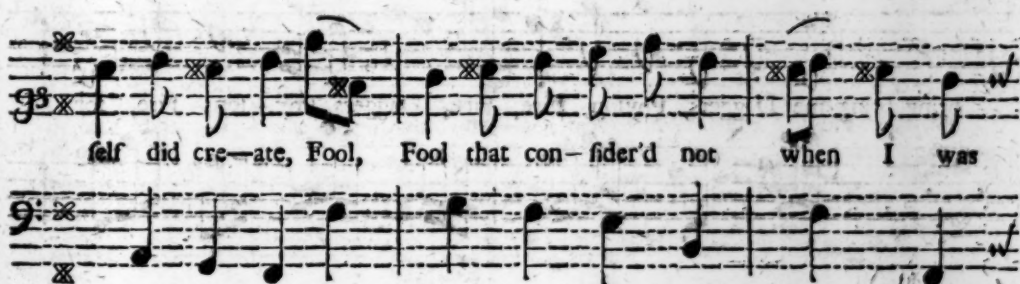
hiss like a Coal, but ne-ver, ne-ver be the cooler. 'Twas



Pride, hot as Hell, that first made me Re-bell, from Love's awe-full



Throne, a Curst An-gel I fell; And mourn now the Fate which my



self did cre-ate, Fool, Fool that con-sider'd not when I was

G

well; And mourn now the Fate which my self did create, Fool, Fool that con—

—sider'd not when I was well. A—dieu, a—dieu trans—

—port—ing Joys a—dieu, a—dieu trans—port—ing joys;

off, off, off ye vain Fan—ta—tick Toyes, off, off ye

vain fan—ta—tick toyes, that drep'd this Face and Bo—dy to al—lure,

bring, bring me Daggers, Poyson, Fire, Fire, Daggers, Poy—son, Fire, for

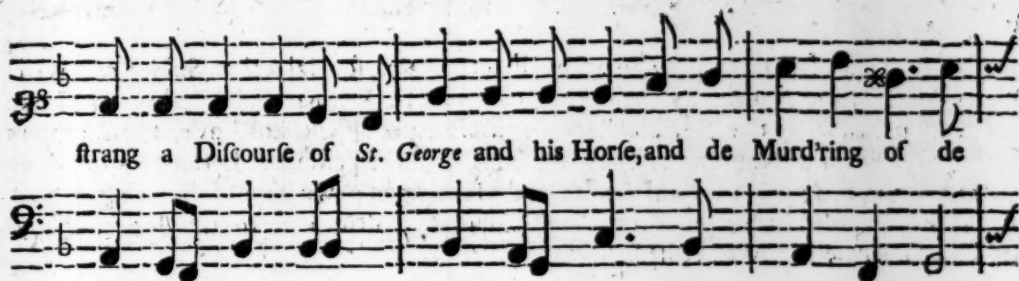


scorn is turn'd in — to de-fire, all Hell all Hell feels not the  
rage, which I, poor I, which I, poor I en-dure.

The 8th. Song, in the Fifth Act.



DE Foolish English Nation, dat former Conquest brag on, make



strang a Discourse of St. George and his Horse, and de Murd'ring of de



Dragon; But shou'd de French In-vade 'em, and bold-ly cross de





## II

Yaw boast of your Fifth Henry,  
 Dat once in *France* did Forrage;  
 But to answer dat same  
 Doe but read *Nostredame*,  
 Garzoon will cool your Courage;  
 Our Gold will take your Cay,  
 Tho' Fighting ne're can get one,  
 Veel on *Saliburg-Plain*  
 Bring on Millions of Men,  
 D'en-Whew—vete is *Great-Brittain*.

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